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PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



THE HIT OF THE EVENING.

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"THE STAG AT EVE HAD DRUNK ITS FILL."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



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Cartoons and Comments

FRIENDS
IN NEED. **H**ow does it happen that no word

in behalf of the oppressed Jap has come from the American Sugar industry? We have it on the authority of the Committee of Wholesale Grocers that "for years it has been the claim of the promoters of our domestic beet-sugar industry that our infamous sugar tariff, equal to an *ad valorem* rate of 78.87%, must be continued to protect the 'high-priced American laboring man.'" The fact, continues the Committee, that foreign labor is employed almost exclusively both in the fields and factories is carefully concealed, and many of these laborers are Japs. We prefer not to accept the unkind inference as to concealment, but we *are* surprised, in view of what the Japs must face in California, that the Sugar industry doesn't speak right up and put in a good word for them when most they need a friend. The Japs are proclaimed by some as "undesirables." Cannot the Sugar industry, which employs so many of them, come out with a ringing proclamation that it regards them as "high-priced American labor"?

WITH Mr. CARNEGIE scattering hero medals abroad in the land and promoting with pleasant platitudes the cause of world-wide peace, it is interesting to note that the Steel Trust after due deliberation has decided to hold fast to the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week. Twelve hours a day, seven days a week, the steel workers put in at their tasks. How soothing this must be to Mr. CARNEGIE, proving as it does that the Steel Trust is in no danger of default-

ing on its bonds, a number of which, we believe, Mr. CARNEGIE holds against "a rainy day." And likewise how soothing must the twelve-hour day, seven days a week, be to the steel workers themselves. As they labor without respite three-hundred and sixty-five days a year, they may derive continual comfort from the reflection that they are providing the money for Mr. CARNEGIE's hero medals and his pleasant platitudes on peace. Best of all—and what a sweetly solemn thought is this—the men at forge and furnace are earning the interest on the bonds which Mr. CARNEGIE "gives away" to build libraries. Puzzle picture: Find the philanthropist.

NOTHING has stirred the Stand-pat press to such a frenzy as the statement of UNDERWOOD, the Democratic House leader, that a

bureau of the Government would investigate all wage-reductions brought about ostensibly by the cutting of tariff rates. He more than intimated that there was possibility of needless wage-reductions, unjustified by the new tariff; simply an "endeavor to grind labor in the interests of Republican politics." The Stand-pat press gasped in amazement. Was the Administration first to drive industries to the wall by taking away their tariff protection, and then to force them to maintain, under penalty of Government attacks, the old wage scale? Preposterous! And, in certain lights, we will frankly admit that it *does* seem preposterous. What makes it seem less so is the fact that for a quarter of a century American trusts have been pampered and petted through the tariff,—subsidized, to speak plainly, by their henchmen in Congress,—and naturally they are reluctant to lose what they have so long enjoyed. It is not

with them a question of Can we get along with less tariff protection? but only and always, How much better we could get along with more! One of the easiest things in the world to imagine is a deliberate money sacrifice by such interests for four years if by so doing they could put the Democratic Party in a hole and make certain the restoration of the Republicans and the old high-tariff snap in 1916. A man whom the Government has made rich at the public expense can afford to shut down his plant entirely if he doesn't like the new and lower tariff. He is in no personal danger of poverty, and he can put in his days for four years yelling "Hard Times!" and hoping to scare the country into restoring to him his tariff graft.



THE BLACK-BALLED CANDIDATE FOR MEMBERSHIP.



TOO MUCH FOR HER.

He Told His Wife He'd Be Home by Ten Sure.



THE PLAYERS

THIS is wander-weather!
Now 's the time to go
Gipsying together
Where the breezes blow.
Now the sun 's aglow,
Snapped is Winter's tether,
Now 's our time to go!
This is wander-weather.

Here 's our time to wander,
Here 's our time to love,
In the "over yonder"
We've been dreaming of;
Skies are blue above,
Wherefore need you ponder?
Now 's our time to love,
Now 's our time to wander!

Eh? You'll "think it over,"
Quietly, alone?
You're no gipsy rover,
You're no rolling stone!
Cautious you have grown,
Loafing here in clover,
Timid is your tone—
Eh? You'll "think it over!"

You were just pretending
That you longed to fly;
And you feared the wending
Underneath the sky!
So 't was all a lie,
From the start to ending?
You were just pretending?—
So was I!

Berton Braley.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

TELLER.—I see that Hennepeck has developed into a free-thinker of late.

GRIMSHAW.—Yes; his wife has been away from home for a week.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

MISS COOINGTON.—And when we are married, dear, I hope you won't smoke those horrid, odious cigars around the house!

MR. BILLINGTON.—Why, no, darling! I think a pipe is much more home-like,—don't you?



STRINGING HER.

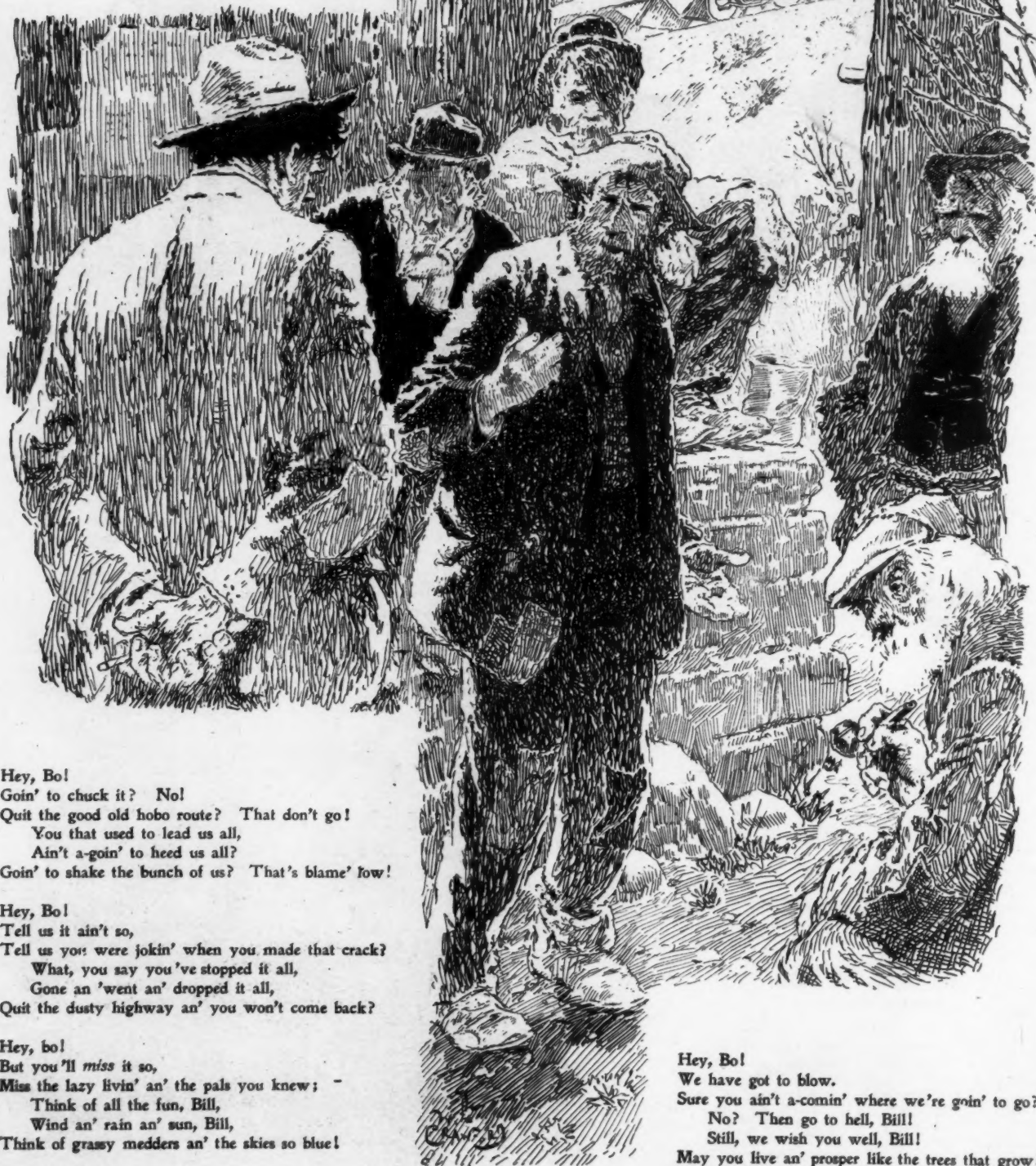
MR. CUTLETT.—You'll have to diet, my dear. You measure two sausages more than you did three months ago.

PUCK

THE DESERTER

BY BERTON BRADLEY

HEY, BO!
Ain't you goin' to go?
What's the use to stay at home? life's too slow;
Come along with us, Bill,
Like a good old cuss, Bill,
Come along and join us where the handouts grow!



Hey, Bo!
Goin' to chuck it? No!
Quit the good old hobo route? That don't go!
You that used to lead us all,
Ain't a-goin' to heed us all?
Goin' to shake the bunch of us? That's blame' fow!

Hey, Bo!
Tell us it ain't so,
Tell us you were jokin' when you made that crack?
What, you say you've stopped it all,
Gone an' went an' dropped it all,
Quit the dusty highway an' you won't come back?

Hey, bo!
But you'll miss it so,
Miss the lazy livin' an' the pals you knew; -
Think of all the fun, Bill,
Wind an' rain an' sun, Bill,
Think of grassy medders an' the skies so blue!

Hey, Bo!
We have got to blow.
Sure you ain't a-comin' where we're goin' to go?
No? Then go to hell, Bill!
Still, we wish you well, Bill!
May you live an' prosper like the trees that grow!
Can't you change your mind, Bill, change that No?
Ain't you goin' to go?
Hey, Bo!



A MILITANT BY CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE DRUMMER WHO DIDN'T LIE.

PICTURE a pleasant-faced young man, well-built, neatly dressed, quiet and unassuming, whose general appearance attracted no attention. That usual *blasé* air of an old traveler, so noticeable in a young man "on the road," was wanting. In fact, he was just the opposite of your idea of what constitutes a drummer.

He attended to his duty in calling upon the trade, and devoted his evenings in the hotel writing-rooms to sending letters to his people at home. Our young man had commenced his career with the determination always to stick to the truth. In displaying his goods, he always answered questions with perfect candor. After the fatigue of each day he felt that he had accomplished something. Day by day his courage strengthened and his letters home were long and explanatory.

It was so easy to combine truth with affability, and his conscience was as clear as his order-book. As this was his initial trip, the firm was naturally solicitous, and many letters of advice followed him from the senior member, and many hints and points regarding the peculiarities of many customers were given to help smooth the way. Many of these suggestions our hero deemed unworthy his text, and for some time he debated whether it was not best to state his ideas to the home office. He hastened to do so as the thought rushed to him that he might be deceiving them by an apparent acquiescence in their views. But, strange to relate, they of the office failed to see the appli-

cation, and wrote rather a sharp letter, to his astonishment. He resolved that, in spite of apparent short-sightedness, he would continue in the way he knew to be right. He concluded that they knew not the value of a representative that added dignity to commercial lines in general and to their house in particular. These things added to his determination and eloquence, which were embodied in a second epistle to the home office. Full of renewed hope and vigor one bright morning he came down to the hotel desk and asked for his mail. A telegram had just arrived. Could it be possible? Such ingratitude!

"Come home, damned quick! Are you out to sell goods, or on a lecture tour?"



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

ANGRY INVESTOR.—Well, I've been out and seen that building-lot I bought of you!

REAL-ESTATE MAN.—You're just the chap I want to see. What does it look like?

SUMMER PHILOSOPHY.

IT is absurd to suppose that a love affair is one of the unavoidable evils of a summer's outing. The trouble invariably begins with mistaking mutual tastes and sympathies for a grand passion. Confine your love-making to the morning hours and you will be safe. But, of course, you won't.

Between the tired-looking man who has had an unlucky affair and the nice boy with a cool million, the genuine Summer Girl never hesitates. In winter she will choose the million. In summer the romance.

No matter how platonic your affection may be, do not choose the rocks on a moonlight night to talk about it. The moon plays the very deuce with Platonism.

Men who start a flirtation to pass the time are unreasonable mortals. If the girl falls in love with them they call her silly; if she doesn't they term her conceited.

On a yachting excursion do not attempt to excel the funny man with the banjo. You will only suffer in consequence. Bide your time. Wait until night and get the pretty girl in a corner of the deck. Then humor does not fit the requirements, and you may be as serious as you like.

RARE PRAISE.

CHARLEY HARDUPP.—So your father thinks I am a brick, does he?

ETHEL GOTROKS.—Yes, Cholly. And that is n't the best of it, either—he thinks you're a gold one!

Weak solutions may answer in chemistry, but they are never permanently acceptable in the field of politics.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

IT WAS early morning in the pretty little village of Werchobistrizkiol, and Solovitch was but an hour high in the glowing heavens; the dew was still sparkling on the grass. Early as it was, the villagers were astir.



Michaelvonovitch Pandalenrikio, the village baker, had taken down his wooden shutters, and had given morning greeting to Nicholiskizovitch Disuksikiskoff, the grocer across the street, who was sweeping the pavement in front of his little shop.

Simeonskiovitch, the butcher, and Mandalzizzio-koffski, the milkman, were merrily joking with old Dietwosmikiskafto Mediariovitch, the cobbler, before his little shop.

The door of a vine-clad little cottage opened suddenly, and a maiden clad in white appeared and walked toward the thick, dark, cool forest back of the village. She was Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch, daughter of the wealthiest man in the village. By her side gamboled her little white dog Fidovelovitch. He ran barking from her side in mad pursuit of a golden butterfly; returning, he jumped up before his mistress, soiling her pretty white gown with his wet and dirty paws.

"Down, Fidovelovitch!" she said chidingly; "you — ah, is it thou, Dimitredistovelokoff Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch?"

"It is I, Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch," said the young man; for it was a young man who had come suddenly from the forest.

"Why art thou sad, my Dimitredistovelokoff?" asked the maiden.



SOME HEALTH RESORT.

"I'd like to live in the country. Is this town a healthy place to live in?"

"Is it! Ye see that old chap over thar? He's the great-grandson o' the last man that died here."

"Ah, Alexievonamagdra, if I could only know that I was indeed thy Dimitredistovelokoff," he replied sadly.

"What meanest thou, Dimmy?"

"Ha! Dost thou not know? Thy father hast not told thee? Last night I spoke to him about our marriage. He spurned me, and said thou wert to wed old Simoenovkolokoffskivitch, the rich vineyard owner."

"Simoenovkolokoffskivitch!" gasped the girl; "I marry him? Never! I would sooner wed

with old Zokosokosokoff, the one-legged serf!" "My darling!" cried Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch, clasping her to his breast. "Come! Let us fly! My little yacht, the white-winged Delovonoskiffidiuk, lies there on the bosom of the Fritchdelogaffodasski Lake; let us fly to Szastoserskaiaotoff!"

"My Dimitredistovelokoff Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch!" she cried, sinking wearily into his arms after speaking his full name twice, "I am thine!" Z. D.



THE GARAGE BUSINESS.

OWNER.—What'll it cost to repair this car of mine?

GARAGE PROPRIETOR.—What ails it?

OWNER.—I don't know.

GARAGE PROPRIETOR.—Thirty-four dollars and sixty-five cents!



IN THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

LIZZIE THE WAITRESS.—One of youse gentlemen'll have to eat your pie with a fork—the knives is all in use!



THE SODA FOUNTAINEER.

AM the man who does not care
For any amount of heat in the air;
I can stand it three times as hot as it is
You may make it hot
As it can be got,
But I cool the world with a clk!—sh!—fizz!

I know it is getting extremely warm,
By the thirsty thousands who hither swarm,
And make it lively in this my biz;
But I let it burn
While my stop-cocks turn,
And I cool the world with a clk!—sh!—fizz!!

Oh, talk to me not of your upland plains,
Of bracing breezes and cooling rains!
A sweeter pleasure is certainly his
Who scoops in a dime
For every time
That he cools the world with his clk!—sh!—fizz!!!
V. H. D.

A LAST RESORT.

CLERK.—I can't sell this silk at all, sir. As soon as I tell the price they say it is not worth it.

FLOOR-WALKER.—Well, we must get rid of it, somehow. Mark it up a dollar a yard more and put it on the bargain-counter.

A THOUGHT-DESTROYER.

MRS. BINKS.—Now that you have a little son and heir, I think you ought to stay at home evenings and think about his future.

MR. BINKS.—That's just the trouble. He raises such an eternal racket I have to go out to think.

BAD WEATHER.

FARMER HAIBACK.—This dry weather's burnin' up the corn.
MR. CITIMAN.—Those clouds over yonder look as if they would bring a heavy rain.

FARMER HAIBACK.—Yes, an' the derned rain will spile the sweet potatoes.

A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE.

"YES," said the earnest worker in the Total Abstinence cause, "you may well say that my labors are exhausting. I have sacrificed my health to my duty. I am but the shadow of what I was before I began lecturing and exhorting, and if it were not for the constant use of medicine I should be in my grave. Nothing but steady dosing keeps up my strength. Why, sir, I have to take two glasses of Bracer's Bitters before breakfast and a bottle of Malthopine with each meal and, at night, sometimes five or six doses of Vitalized Juniper Tonic before I can get a wink of sleep. And do you know, with all that, I hardly ever feel just right much before the afternoon? But I will save the country from the curse of rum, if I have to live on physic!"

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE.

"HEAR me one moment, Madam!" said the peddler at the front door. "I have not been rendered incapable of active exertion by any sort of sad accident; I have not been laid up six months with inflammatory rheumatism; I have not lost my situation on account of my religious principles; I am not a poor man, but am doing pretty well in my line of business; I have not a wife and three children dependent upon me for support, for I am a contented bachelor, happy in the possession of no living relatives; I am not studying for the ministry; your next-door neighbor did not mention your name to me; I never——"

"Step in," interrupted the weary woman, with a deep sigh of relief, "I have been waiting for you for the last ten years. Step in—I don't care what you're selling, whether it's horn combs or clothes-wringers, I'll buy. And if you'd like a cup of coffee or a glass of good hard cider, just say so. Step in—don't bother to wipe your feet!"

BUNCOED.

HOBSON (*leaving the ball-grounds*)—Bah! Baseball is a regular skin game. Here I paid my money to see a game, and the game is called on account of darkness, with the score nothing to nothing.

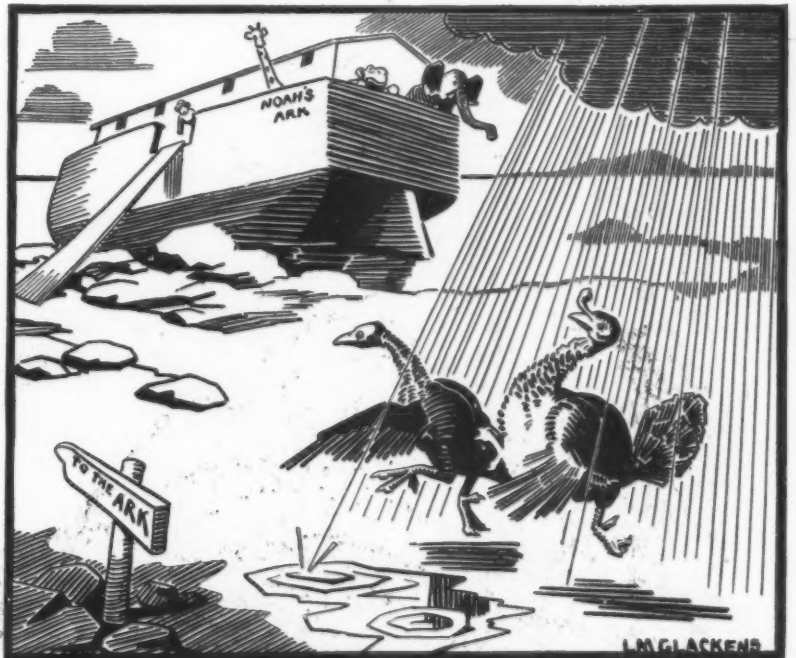
DOBSON.—Heavens, man! That is usually considered a great game.

HOBSON.—Yes; but I think they should give one a run for his money, anyhow.



SO EMBARRASSING.

THE LITTLE ONE.—Pawdon me, but I have an impression that I have met you before. Are n't you on the waiting list at our club?
THE BIG ONE.—Yes, sir. I'm the head waiter there, thank you, sir.



THE ORIGINAL TURKEY TROT.

The average politician is slow to predict a bright future for his country unless he can see himself therein.



THE PUCK PRESS.

IN NATURE'S CLUB-HOUSE SE

PUCK



B-HOUSE—THE GRILL-ROOM.

MAN AND HIS FUN.

MAN that is born of woman is of few days and inordinately fond of Fun.

In the beginning, when his tumlet is full of milk and his soul of content, he lies upon his back and kicks his heels in the air; he says "ga-ga" and "goo-goo," and that is Fun.

Being grown older, he climbs a tree and falls out thereof; he goes in swimming, and is well-nigh drowned; he absents himself from school, at the expense of his cuticle, and that is Fun.

He grows in size, but not in wisdom, for now he is in college. He goes forth by night and steals the signs of poor tradesmen; he marches in a procession of fools and burns his books; he gets drunk overnight, and reaps headaches in the morning, and that is Fun.

He conceives a desire for the company of young women; he follows one girl about and wears her hair; she carries his scalp in her belt and she rests under the shadow of his ears, and that is Fun.

In the end she throws him over, and the sunshine is gone out of his life, and for the space of three months he is as a blighted sycamore and as a wild ass wailing in the desert, and that is Fun.

He takes to cynicism and to neglect of his personal appearance, and for that he himself did not make the world he saith it is but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and a derved bad concourse at that; he believes that he is old, and he suffers in his heart, seeing that his moustache bears him not out, and that is Fun.

He returns to the world on his own invitation, and now is he a man of the world. He knows the wickedness of all things and the doctrine of mixed drinks; his trousers are trousers of truth and his coats are coats of correctness, and that is Fun.

He drinks the champagne of the Gaul, and on the morrow the brandy

of the Gaul and the soda-water that is naught but marble-dust and vanity. He goes to the play; he goes also after the daughters of the play-house; he saith "my dear" unto the dancing-girls; he gives his head to Herodias and pays for the charger, and that is Fun.

And having done thus for a space he is grown old, and his blood is turned to gout in his veins; he sits within the club window in the sun, and he mows and gibbers at women as they go by him; he catches the



PLURAL.

EXPECTANT FATHER.—Well, Doc, is it a boy or a girl?
DOC HOUND.—It's four boys and five girls!



FATHER GANDER RIMES.

Three blind men!
See how they run!
They all ran after the same soubrette,
She led them a chase, the bad coquette,
And they've nothing to show for their cash as yet;
Three blind men!

young men by the skirts of their coats and tells them that he hath been a devil in his time, and that is Fun.

And in the last day he is cased in rosewood decked without with silver, and laid in the earth in Greenwood. And when the young men hear he is dead they shall say one unto another: "Let us pour a libation to him, being in the nature of a snifter before dinner, for he was Fun."

RING IN THE NEW.

"THE ladies of the Church of Our Home have started a new sort of entertainment—no admission—nothing asked—and the people prefer it to the old style."

"Yes; I heard about it. An expert pickpocket mingles with the guests—far preferable."

AN. EXPERT.

FIRST BOARDER.—I understand that the landlady is to take a trip to the West.

SECOND BOARDER.—Is that so? If the train would stop long enough at the stations, she could give the railway restaurant people some great points.

PAGING THE WEAK-KNEED TARIFF REFORMER.



BEFORE ELECTION.

THE PAGE.—Mister Tariff Reformer! Mis—ter Tariff Re—form—er!
TARIFF REFORMER.—Here I am! That's my name! Right here!
Who wants me?



AFTER ELECTION.

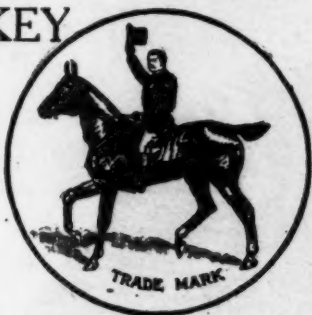
THE PAGE.—Mister Tariff Re—form—er! Mister Tariff Reformer!
TARIFF REFORMER.—Gee! I wish that Page would shut up!



WHY THE SPHINX IS SILENT.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN (*just at dawn*).—So long, old man. And remember, if she wants to know what kept you, you were sitting up with a sick friend.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY



Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

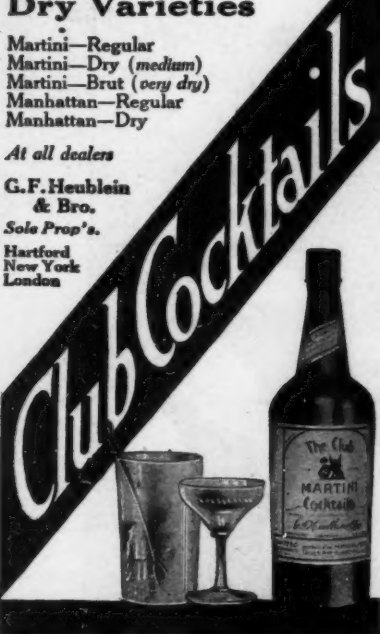
Try One of Our Dry Varieties

Martini—Regular
Martini—Dry (medium)
Martini—Brut (very dry)
Manhattan—Regular
Manhattan—Dry

At all dealers

G.F. Heublein
& Bro.

Sole Prop's.
Hartford
New York
London



INQUISITIVE.

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday-school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered, he explained. "White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding-day is the most joyous day of a woman's life."

A small boy queried: "Why do the men all wear black?"—*Argonaut.*

"DID you tell your troubles to a policeman?"

"Yes," said the man who was robbed. "And I tell you that policeman was indignant. The hold-up man had n't even asked permission to operate on his beat."—*Washington Star.*

"YOUR boy stole a barrel of apples from me the other day."

"Dear me! I wonder where that boy will wind up?"

"I think he'll wind up in the legislature. He talked me into believing that it was all right."—*Courier-Journal.*

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy
Northern Pacific
Railway.

YELLOWSTONE PARK:
GREAT FALLS FROM FOOT OF TRAIL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

Jes' Ruin!

A dorky who had witnessed an execution by law came forth from the scene pop-eyed with horror, and proceeded to describe the dread scene to some of his friends.

"Dey tek an' strop you down in a cheer," stated the eye-witness, "an den dey clamps some things on to yore haid an' yore laigs—jes' so. An' den one o' dem w'ite men go over to de corner where dey is a little jigger set in de wall, which he gives it one little pull—lak dat—an' she go 'Pst-t!'" He paused.

"An' whut den?" demanded one of the audience, breathlessly.

"Nothin' but ruin," he said, "jes' ruin!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

An Assistant District Attorney, says *The Argonaut*, was conducting a case in the Criminal Court. A large, rough-shouldered negro was in the witness chair.

"An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley, an' shot a few crap."

"Ah," said the attorney, swinging his eyeglass impressively. "Now, sir, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Wass that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury, sir," thundered the attorney, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah," said the witness, uneasily. "Firs' thing I know this geinman gwine ask me how to drink a san'wich."

A Western Welcome

Awaits You At

Glacier National Park

From the moment you arrive at this great scenic wonderland, you are at home. The spirit of western hospitality envelopes you. Nothing that could possibly contribute to your comfort and enjoyment is left undone. You will find service without servility, liberty without license and real, genuine luxury in the very heart of the wildest and most beautiful spot in America.

Tours by Automobile, Four-Horse Stage, Launch or Horseback—\$1 to \$5 Per Day

One of the finest as well as the most novel hotels in America has just been completed at Glacier Park Station, the eastern gateway to the Park. It is built entirely of huge logs, four feet in diameter and forty feet long. It offers accommodations for 200 guests—every room is electrically lighted and heated. Has every modern feature including plunge pool, shower baths, sun parlor, huge fireplaces and open campfire in lounging room. Cuisine and service of the highest order. Rates—American plan—\$3 per day.

Tours by automobile, four-horse stage, launch and horseback, also camping and walking tours with competent guides—\$1 to \$5 per day. The famous chain of Swiss Chalet Camps throughout the Park provides unrivalled accommodations at the end of each day's journey. The Blackfoot Indians, whose reservation adjoins the Park, are a feature of unusual interest. Visitors to the Park will be afforded frequent opportunities to be present at their tribal ceremonies and dances.



"See America First"
**GREAT
NORTHERN
RAILWAY**
National Park Route
Panama-Pacific International
Exposition, San Francisco, 1916

Novel Aeroplane Map in Colors and Travel Literature FREE

A postal or letter will bring you complete descriptive literature, fully illustrated, including a unique aeroplane map of the entire Park, all free. An interview with one of our representatives who has personally toured the Park, may be arranged for upon request without any obligation on your part whatever.

Write for full information today.

H. A. NOBLE, General Passenger Agent

Great Northern Railway

Dept. 125

St. Paul, Minn.

(129b)

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

A shoemaker in Kansas City had a sign above his door which read "A. Schwindler." One day a gentleman came in and said:

"Why don't you put your given name on that sign instead of your initial? People will think you are a rogue."

"Why, dot would make it worse," said the shoemaker. "It is Adam."—*National Monthly.*

"Does Jinks live in an aristocratic section of the city?"

"Yes; there is not an hour during the day or night when the air is free from the odor of burning gasoline."—*Buffalo Express.*

**Imperial
Gold Label
Beer**

Bottled only by the Brewers
Beadleston & Woerz,
NEW YORK

The Forty Beaches of the New Jersey Coast

These summer playgrounds of the American people are made easily accessible from all parts of the country by the comprehensive and convenient train service of the Pennsylvania System.



They are all described in the Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Book, copies of which may be obtained free of Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents, or they will be sent postpaid on application by Jas. P. Anderson, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.



BACHELORS who have made up their minds to stay that way and believe that they can get away with it, may do well to listen to the old lady from Wisconsin. She summed it up this way, in speaking to a despondent young girl who thought she was doomed to a single life:

"My dear, if it is intended that you should get married, you will do it, even if you live in a churn."—*Popular Magazine*.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of the
New York Central Lines.

LOOKING UP HUDSON RIVER FROM WEST POINT.

Bungalow Days

Will Soon Be Here

¶ Can you picture anything more delightful, more restful, than a bungalow in the hills or on the shore, anywhere that breezes blow, where a family can enjoy outdoor life together?

¶ This is the day of the bungalow—that conception of the builder that has solved the summer housing problem. It may have one room or a dozen. Whatever its size you will wait with impatience for the days to come when you can send the family to it and follow for your vacation and week-ends.

¶ The bungalow habit is growing fast. Cheap, cosy, and comfortable, the bungalow affords the chance for a vacation close to nature.

¶ New England, with its ideal climatic conditions, its rugged hills and wonderful shore, is preëminently the place for your bungalow. The beautiful Berkshires, the shore of the Sound, the hills and mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, the coast of Massachusetts or Maine—all these regions offer ideal bungalow sites, easy to reach. A bungalow in these regions endowed so lavishly by Nature, will mean a summer of pleasure and health for the whole family.

¶ Then, too, there is something wofully lacking unless your bungalow is set in picturesque surroundings. It should be a part of Nature herself, should have a soul-satisfying environment, to be a real bungalow. Wherever you go in New England you will find the picturesque "atmosphere," as the painter would call it.

¶ To-day, if you have a family, the bungalow is beckoning to you, bidding you discover its joys. Perhaps you may decide to rent one or to build. At any rate, see that your bungalow has the right location, and that location you will find in New England,—in summer a place for pleasure unequalled anywhere, where the charms of the country and ocean shore mingle, and where everybody has a perfectly corking time.

Address, VACATION BUREAU

THE NEW ENGLAND LINES

Room 574, South Station

Boston, Mass.

Forget Your Troubles

and hie away to the haunts of Nature and LIVE. A supply of

Evans' Ale

will bring back the old thrills and make the outing a success from start to finish. Adds to the pleasure of every outing occasion—sailing, fishing, camping, picnicking, tramping, golfing, or motoring.

Nearest Dealer or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

"I WOULD N'T associate with him. I understand he served a term in prison."

"That's true, but it was for an offense involving a million dollars or more. Nothing really disgraceful, you know."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SPORTSMAN.—Can you tell me where to send a handkerchief I found belonging to Father Maloney?

IRISH PRIEST.—I kin; but he'll have no use for ut. He's been in Hiven these three weeks.—*Punch.*

"Is JINKS well off?"

"Yes; but he does not realize it. He is to be married in June."—*Buffalo Express.*

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF AGES AND IS STILL THE FINEST CORDIAL EXTANT

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes, Baiter & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.



SUNNY BROOK THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

At some time or another nearly everyone gets an attack of the "blues," everything seems to go wrong, and the whole world has a dreary look. That is the time when a little Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—will perform a magical change. Its rich, fragrant bouquet and mellow flavor make it a delicious beverage—every golden drop pleases the senses and soothes the nerves. Best of all, its absolute purity and highly developed medicinal properties make its use perfectly safe—in fact, highly beneficial.

Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—is Bottled In Bond—every bottle bears the Green Government Stamp, so that in addition to the unqualified guarantee by the largest distillers of fine whiskey in the world that its quality is unsurpassed, you have the assurance of the U. S. Government that every drop is pure, natural, straight whiskey, unadulterated, fully matured and U. S. Standard 100% proof.



"The Inspector Is Back of Every Bottle"

A MUSICAL FEAT.

The old farmer and his wife lived near the village church. One warm Sunday evening, while they sat dozing on the porch, a cricket set up a loud chirping.

"I just love that chirpin' noise," said the old man, drowsily, and before the cricket had stopped he was fast asleep.

Soon after the church choir broke into a beautiful chant.

"Just listen to that!" exclaimed his wife. "Ain't it beautiful?"

"Yes," remarked the old farmer, sleepily. "They do it with their hind legs."—*P. F. P.*

RATHER SUGGESTIVE.

Rastus was ill and the physician was visiting him. "What yo' tink is de mattah wif me, doctah?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much," said the doctor. "Only a slight case of chicken-pox."

Rastus grew nervous. "I 'clare, doctah," he said, earnestly, "I hain't been nowhar whar I could ketch dat!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

AMERICA'S SLOGAN.

"Play ball!" Again the summons runs Through city, hamlet, town, and State, Like the long roll of martial drums That call the warrior to his fate, Where he may snatch the victor's crown From Fame upon the scarlet field, Or, fighting to the last, go down, To be borne home upon his shield.

"Play ball!" A countless horde of fans From various vantage points descry The colors of the gathering clans And raise once more the battle-cry. The waves of sound are outward hurled To merge in one deep clarion call That echoes half around the world, "The game is on! 'Play ball! Play ball!'" —*Evening Post.*

"EVERY man ought to save up enough to buy himself a good big farm," said the thrifty citizen.

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornloss, "and then do something else with the money!"—*Washington Star.*

ELLA.—Mrs. Gayboy looks very sad since she divorced her husband.

BELLA.—Yes, she did n't know what a good husband she had until she saw how generously he behaved about the alimony.—*Club Fellow.*

GIBBS.—So you've bought a farm, eh? What are you going to raise first?

DIBBS.—The money to work it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of Great Northern Railway

GRINNELL LAKE AND GLACIER.

A LIVING WAGE FOR RAILROADS —THEY NEED IT AS MUCH AS THEIR MEN.

The demand of the railway trainmen and conductors for advances in wages which it is said would add \$17,000,000 to the payroll of the Eastern railroads gives point to the request of those railroads for a 5 per cent. increase in freight rates. This demand for higher wages has been refused, but there is little doubt that arbitration of it will follow and will result in adding \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 to the railroad payrolls. This will be in addition to several millions of increased expenses due to awards of higher wages to the engineers and firemen.

The public has decreed these higher wages. To save the public the cost and inconvenience of strikes the railroads have consented to arbitration. Representatives of the public have adjusted the disputes, determining the wages that should be paid, and thus adding many millions to the railroads' expenses.

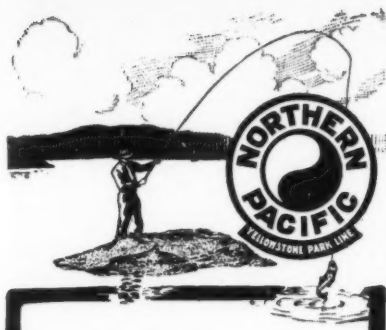
And the public responsibility for the financial position of the railroads does not end with the wage account. Through Federal and State regulatory commissions the public controls the service of the railroads, adding to the expenses by various orders and requirements. Nor are legislatures satisfied to leave entirely to the commissions which they have created the regulation of the railroads. Laws have been passed in several States this year adding heavily and unnecessarily to the expenses of the railroads by requiring them to increase train crews. The "full crew" laws passed in New York and New Jersey are said to have added several millions to the expenses of the railroads in these two States.

All of these things are done under the color of serving the public interest, and generally actually for the purpose of serving it. Governor Sulzer maintained that public safety required an increase in train crews. The increase in railroad wages was made to save the public the cost of strikes. It is fitting and proper, therefore, that the public which controls the amount that it pays the railroads for their services should recognize that it is exacting more and more of them and recompense them accordingly. Let the public put it in the power of the railroads to pay the added wages and to pay for the superior service and to pay for the extra and unnecessary workmen.

The public is interested not only in seeing that the railroad workers receive a living wage. It is interested even more vitally in seeing that the railroads receive a living wage. The railroads must earn enough for their own upkeep. They must earn enough to attract investors. They must earn enough to have a surplus to put into non-dividend paying improvements, for the public demands them. They must earn enough to grow as the country grows.

"I WANT to talk to you about becoming your son-in-law," said the young man.

"I can't advise you," replied Mr. Cumrox, "on the subject of becoming a member of the family. As your sincere personal friend I ought to speak freely, but as a husband and father I am restrained."—*Washington Star.*



Famous Geyser-hole
Fishing Cone—Yellowstone Lake.

Yellowstone National Park

See it this summer—season June 15-Sept. 15. Excursion fares for the Park trip by itself or in connection with Pacific Coast trips.

Jaunts of one, two or more days (complete tour of six days for only \$55.50), in Yellowstone Park will give you experiences to be gained nowhere else on earth!

Low Summer Tourist and Convention Tickets

To North Pacific Coast and California, the former on sale daily June to September, the latter on certain dates. Through sleeping cars direct to Gardiner Gateway, the original and northern Yellowstone Park entrance, from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and from the Pacific Coast, daily during season. Gardiner is reached only via Northern Pacific. Personally conducted excursions from Chicago weekly. Write for details and make your reservations early. Address

A. M. Cleland, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Paul
Northern Pacific Ry
Panama-Pacific Expo., San Francisco, 1915

ALL GLAD

"I tell you I am glad I went on that trip around the world."
"So was everyone else who knew you."—*Houston Post*.

NEW DEFINITION.

TOMMY.—Pop, ennui is merely being tired of doing nothing, ain't it?
TOMMY'S POP.—Yes, my son, with the addition of being too tired to do anything else.—*Philadelphia Record*.

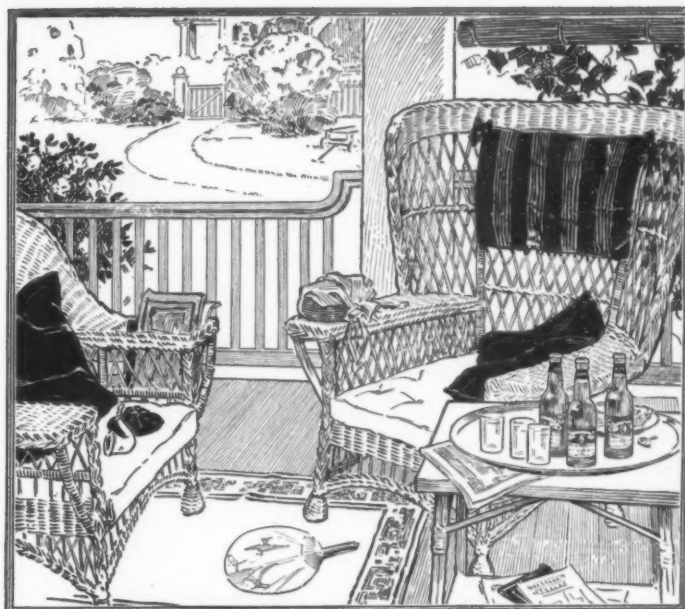


The wisdom of age recommends to the action of youth the purity and the flavor of
Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years!"

the whiskey that has satisfied men and warmed their hearts for over a century—one of the unchanging things of life. Distilled and bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



WHERE'S more *real* enjoyment? The shady home-porch, a comfortable chair, a good cigar or pipe, a congenial friend, and a cool, refreshing bottle of

Budweiser

Every Week, 3,000,000 Bottles

That is the output of Budweiser. The Anheuser-Busch main plant and branches give employment to 7,500 people. The main plant covers 142 acres, equal to 70 city blocks. There are 110 separate buildings—a city in themselves.

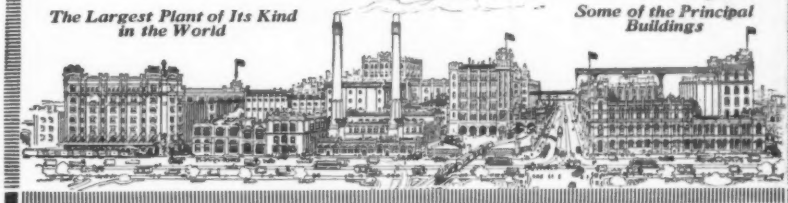
Hundreds of visitors every day go through with guides to inspect this immaculate institution. One cannot see it without the conviction that quality is an Anheuser-Busch rule.

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis

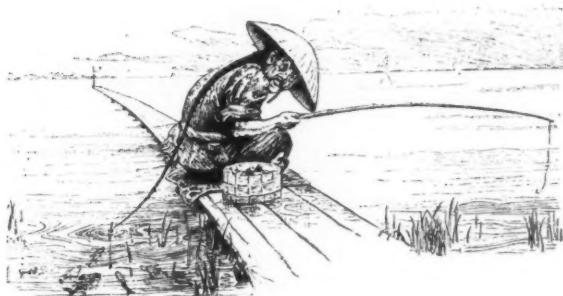


The Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

Some of the Principal Buildings



HEAD OR TAIL—HE WINS EITHER WAY.



—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A SCOTCHMAN, wishing to know his fate at once, says the *Argonaut*, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

"THEY say the new nickel shows a very low degree of art."

"Yes, on both sides. Lo, the poor Indian on one, and buffalo on the other."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."



Courtesy of
Pennsylvania Railroad.

GAP OF SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.

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SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.
Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 9 in.
By *E. Frederick.* **PRICE 25 CENTS.**

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Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 1/4 in.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR.
Smaller Size, 11 x 8 in. Price Twenty-five Cents.

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BUILT FOR SPEED—1912 MODEL. By *W. E. Hill.*
Proof in Colors, 12 x 14 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.



Pure Joy

Life—bubbles—gaiety dance in your glass of it; the fragrance of the soul of the grape fills the bouquet of it; the combination of all these things is in the exquisite flavor of it—

COOK'S
Imperial
Extra Dry
Champagne

The best champagne—not just best for the price, but at any price. For the difference in price between Cook's and foreign made champagnes is what they must pay for import duty and transatlantic freight—Cook's cost goes into quality.

Sold Everywhere and Served Everywhere

American Wine Co.
St. Louis, Mo. 7a



HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

A MYSTERY.

FIRST MAN (taking out his time-piece).—Something wrong with this watch of mine—it's stopped.

SECOND MAN.—When?

FIRST MAN.—Oh, some time during the night—I can't exactly say when.—*Boston Transcript.*

A GIRLISH SCHEME.

"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces."

"She's got a beau in the parlor," growled Pa Wombat, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."—*Courier-Journal.*

DIVISION.

"The Joneses go in for a lot of fuss and feathers."

"Yes, Jones gets the fuss and his wife the feathers."—*Town Topics.*

A NEW SLANT.

OPTIMIST.—God helps them that help themselves.

PESSIMIST (gloomily).—And God help them that don't!—*Lippincott's.*

CONVINCING.

HE.—I know I am not two-faced.

SHE.—Why?

HE.—Because if I were I'd be using the other.—*Cornell Widow.*

"AND so you are married?"

"I told you I was going to be."

"But I thought it was a joke."

"It is n't."—*Houston Post.*

"WHAT sort of a man is Pickledorf?"

"Absolutely helpless without a corkscrew."—*Exchange.*

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GENT.—I've no change this morning. I'll give you something on my return.

CROSSING-SWEEPER (sadly).—Ah, sir! You'd be surprised if you knew how much money I've lost by giving credit that way!

—*London Opinion.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it: insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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